

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

## PERILS OF THE ALPS.

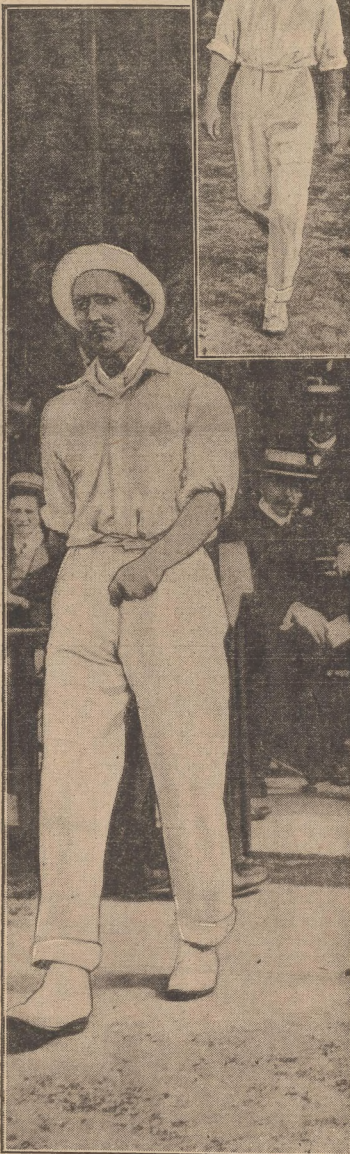


On the summit of the Wetterhorn. Switzerland has been invaded by an unusually large army of mountain climbers this season, and one result has been a long list of tragedies.—(Ormiston Smith.)



Mountaineers negotiating a difficult ridge. Nearly every day one or more fatal accidents are reported. Only yesterday four additions were made to the death-roll.—(Ormiston Smith.)

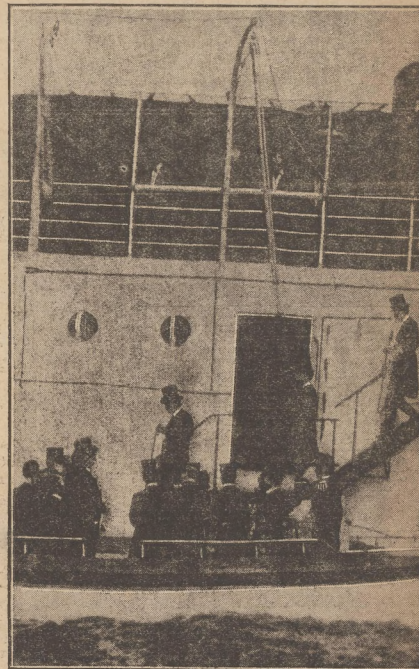
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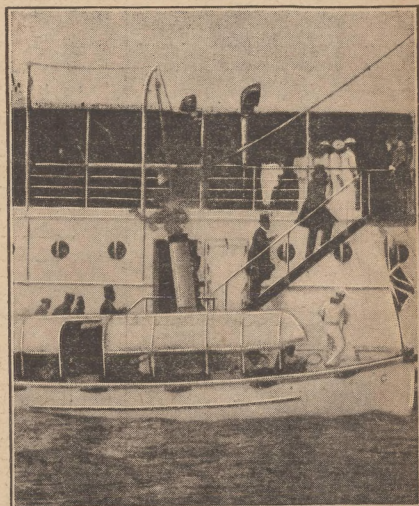
Two interesting studies in expression. We wonder if our readers can imagine which of the photographs was taken after Fry's first innings, when he made 144 runs, and which after the second, when 16 was his total.



## PEACE ENVOYS' MEETING.



Baron Komura, the Japanese peace plenipotentiary, leaving the U.S. Presidential yacht Mayflower, after having been introduced by President Roosevelt to M. Witte and the other members of the Russian special mission.



M. Sergius Witte and Baron von Rosen going on board the Mayflower to be received by the President of the United States and introduced to the Japanese representatives at the Peace Conference.



## This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.



## GROWS SMALLER.

### Deadlock Expected In To-day's Discussion.

## RUSSIAN DISCONTENT.

### Plenipotentiary Preparing for Early Journey Home.

Whilst the sixth clause of the peace terms was passed by the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries yesterday and some affect to be more optimistic, the growing feeling is that a settlement is practically hopeless.

The great points of difference—the problems that involve the honour, prestige and dignity of the nations—still remain unsettled.

This view is reflected by an outspoken message from the correspondent of the "New York Times." He wires from Portsmouth (U.S.A.) that it is likely that a deadlock will arise to-day, and that Saturday will see the end of the Conference.

The Russians, says the correspondent, are manifesting great impatience, and maintain that they are yielding everything and the Japanese nothing.

From another source, the "New York American," comes the report that so openly pessimistic are the Russian plenipotentiaries as to the outcome of the negotiations that one of the envoys has made all preparations to leave for Russia on Monday.

## THE PROGRESS MADE.

### Articles Which the Two Plenipotentiaries Have Already Agreed To.

PORTSMOUTH, Wednesday.—With the ratification of Articles IV. and VI. yesterday the Peace Conference completed the settlement of all questions relating to Korea and Manchuria, except the disposition of the Chinese eastern railroad and the main Siberian line through North Manchuria from the Amur district to Vladivostok.

The following may be accepted as absolutely accurate summaries of the articles adopted:—

Article I.—The recognition of Japan's preponderating influence in Korea.

Article II.—The mutual obligation to evacuate Manchuria, Russia agreeing to cede back to China all the special privileges granted to her.

Article III.—The obligation of Japan to restore China's sovereignty and administration in Manchuria.

Article IV.—The mutual obligation to respect China's territorial and administrative integrity and the principle of the open door.

Article VI.—The surrender of the Russian leases of the Liaotung Peninsula, including Port Arthur and Dalny, and Blonde and Elliott Islands.

It was agreed, on the motion of the Japanese delegates, to reserve the decision on Article V, dealing with the cession of Saghalien.—Reuter.

## ODESSA INQUISITION.

### Authorities Said to Torture Political Suspects to Obtain Information.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Wednesday.—During the last six weeks 8,367 political arrests have been effected in this city. Some 400 have been released, and 602 persons have been banished for terms varying from six months to three years to remote northern governments. The fate of the remainder is unknown. The police not only decline to furnish any information to inquiring relatives, but the latter are peremptorily warned that persistent inquiries will involve their own arrest.

Frightful stories of the brutally inquisitorial methods practised by the police on many political suspects in order to extract information are rife, and, I have good reason to believe, most of them are well-founded. Under the still existent martial law the victims, however innocent, have no means of redress.

The very small minority who manage to procure unconditional releases are those who are able to pay the large blackmailing sums the police demand.

## RUSSIANS BOMBARDING.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—General Linievich reports, under date August 13, that a Japanese torpedo flotilla bombarded Port Lazarev without effect.

After three days' intermittent fighting, the Russians repulsed the Japanese in the south and occupied the village of Kiponang Suni.—Exchange.

## Brilliant Sculptor Shoots His Beautiful but Frivolous Wife.

## GREAT CAREER RUINED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NAPLES, Wednesday.—Hard upon the Bonmartini trial, with its intensely dramatic details, has followed a sensational tragedy which is causing even greater excitement throughout Italy.

The gifted young sculptor, Filippo Cifariello, whose recent work had led to the prediction that he would shortly become the foremost sculptor of the day, has been arrested for the murder of his wife, a woman of great beauty.

The two were staying at the Pension Mascotte, Posillipo, a well-known hotel, where many Neapolitans spend the month of August.

About five o'clock in the evening a porter of the pension, who was passing along the corridor heard a revolver shot and a loud cry.

The next moment the door was violently flung open, and Cifariello, apparently beside himself, rushed out.

The servant seized him round the waist, while he struggled and cried, "Let me go, let me go, I want to kill myself."

Meanwhile a crowd had collected. It was discovered that Signora Cifariello lay dead by the bed room window.

## MADDENED BY JEALOUSY.

The origin and cause of this terrible tragedy was, as in most cases of the sort in Italy, the jealousy of the husband and the frivolity of the wife.

There can be no doubt that Signora Cifariello lived mainly for pleasure. Her husband met her first, surrounded by admirers, at a theatre.

After several years of a more or less unhappy married life the sculptor arrived recently at the Pension Mascotte, and was joined there by his wife.

Once, as they were returning from a sail in the bay together, in full view of a crowd of smart people (the Duchess of Novoli and the Duchess of Ogiuntina amongst them) she gave her husband a contemptuous kick as he advanced to help her out of the boat.

One day Cifariello, tired of being treated so by his wife, left Posillipo for a few days.

When he returned he found her on terms of intimacy with a stranger who had suddenly arrived from Rome.

When Cifariello came back the stranger departed just as he guessed he had come. He supposed that the wife had made arrangements to follow him to Rome, because Cifariello, in his fevered talk, frequently mutters "She wanted to go to Rome. I tried to prevent her."

## GOLD IN IRELAND.

### Rich Ore Discovered in a Rocky Waterway near Lismavady.

A farmer named Thomas Bryson, living near Lismavady, who for some time past has suspected the presence of rich minerals on part of his land, has discovered ore which, on being examined by experts, was found to be rich in gold.

The ore was discovered in a rocky waterway.

## THE KING LEAVES ISCHL.

### His Majesty's Cordial Conversation with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Emperor of Austria called on King Edward at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and the two monarchs went for a walk, telegraphs Reuter's correspondent.

At eleven the King left for Marienbad. A stop was made at Gmunden, where his Majesty was greeted by the Duke of Cumberland and his family.

An eye-witness, says the correspondent of the "Evening Standard," gives the following account of the meeting between the two monarchs at Gmunden, whence the Emperor went to meet King Edward on Tuesday.

The King was seen at the window of his saloon as the train steamed in, and as it stopped he opened the door.

The Emperor cried, "Stay where you are! I am coming," but the King gave him no time, and, springing down, embraced the Emperor, kissing him on both cheeks. The Emperor, smiling, said, "It is a long time since we met," to which the King replied, "So good of you to take the trouble to come here. I had an admirable journey!"

## QUEEN AT THE ZOO.

Before leaving London for Scotland on Tuesday night, Queen Alexandra paid a private visit to the Zoological Gardens to see some additions made by her Majesty recently.

The Princess of Wales left Sandringham for London yesterday morning, and on arrival at St. Pancras drove to Marlborough House.

## Five Climbers Killed and Twelve Villagers Drowned by a Flood.

The long list of casualties published to-day shows that death has been terribly busy taking his annual toll of lives from Alpine climbers.

The deaths of five climbers were reported yesterday, three of them having been killed while gathering edelweiss, while three others were seriously injured. At the same time news reached England of an avalanche which swept down from the western Italian Alps and caused a flood that drowned twelve villagers.

From Innsbruck Reuter's correspondent reports that two tourists from Meran fell while searching for edelweiss on the Penegal and in the Zietl. Both were killed.

Herr Gredel, a Bavarian lawyer, fell and was killed while climbing in the Hoffa's group, in the Algaun Alps.

Four Dresden tourists, who started out from Berchtesgaden to make the ascent of the Hoher Goell, fell over a precipice. The youngest member of the party, the son of a lieutenant-colonel, was killed and the other three were injured.

A youth of sixteen years of age, says a telegram from Schwyz, named Alfred Koch, a locksmith's apprentice, of Stans, was killed on the Great Myten through falling a distance of about 900ft. He had left the path to gather flowers. The body, which was terribly mutilated, was discovered between the two Myten peaks.

From Berne details of a terrible catastrophe which occurred in the Western Italian Alps on July 31 have just come to hand.

The peasants noticed what appeared to be a ball of fog twisting round near the summit of Mont Velan. It suddenly disappeared and enormous floods of water rushed down the mountain-side, carrying ice, rocks, and trees with it.

It came down with a deafening roar into the narrow lake of the Crête Schée, forming a whirlpool on it, and causing it to flood the little village of Les Noyers, twelve villagers being drowned in the swirling waters.

## CEMENTING THE ENTENTE.

### Official Letter of Gratitude from the French Premier to Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Lansdowne has just received the following letter from Mr. Reuter:—

"At the moment when the French Northern Squadron is leaving English waters, with an imperishable recollection of so many marks of cordial sympathy, which it has received from His Majesty King Edward VII. and the royal Government, I have a heartfelt desire to express to your Excellency the feelings of sincere gratitude of the Government of the Republic."

To this Lord Lansdowne has replied:—

"I am cordially grateful for your message, which I have submitted to the King. It will be much appreciated by my colleagues. The reception accorded to the French fleet was the spontaneous expression of a feeling which is deep-seated in the heart of the nation, and the visit will long be remembered."

## KING'S CRUISER BARRED.

### Warship Escorting Scientific Mission Refused Entry to Algerian Port.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—General de Toroy, commandant at Constantine, Algeria, states the "Matin," has refused permission for the cruiser Venus, which accompanies the British Solar Eclipse Mission, to remain at Philippeville.

Philippeville, he argues, is a fortified port, and it is important that the nature of its fortifications should not become known to the representatives of a foreign nation.

The British expedition has consequently been obliged to take up its quarters at Palma.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

When it was made known in West Ham yesterday that one hundred men were wanted for the new tramway works, over 2,500 applied for employment.

Lance bombs similar to those seized at Constantinople after the recent outrage have, says a telegram to the Paris "Figaro," been found at Smyrna.

With the returns from two polling stations not yet to hand the referendum figures on the question of Norway's separation from Sweden, states Reuter's Christiania correspondent, stood yesterday at 868,170 in favour of separation and 184 against.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable squally breezes; mostly fair or fine, some local thunder-showers in the south; rather cooler. Lighting-up time, 8.17 p.m. Sea passages will be rather rough in the east, moderate in the south and west.

## SPORTSMAN.

### Climax of Luxurious Travel on a Cross-Atlantic Trip.

## "GROUSE SPECIAL."

Another American millionaire, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, of New York, has come pleasure-seeking to England.

He arrived at Liverpool yesterday by the Cunard liner Caronia with his wife and a shooting-party, who are to stay for the grouse season and the commencement of the pheasant shooting on his estate at Middleton, in Teesdale.

Mr. Whitney and his wife, who is a millionairess, and was a Miss Vanderbilt, are carrying out their shooting-party arrangements on the most magnificent scale.

Besides their two pretty children, Miss Flora Whitney and Master Whitney, the party includes Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, jun., Mr. Meredith Hare, and Mr. Ashton Tourison.

During the voyage from New York they have been the central figures in the social gaieties indulged in by the 150 other first-class passengers.

## SPECIAL SUITES FOR GUESTS.

The most expensive part of the passengers' quarters, however, had been secured by Mr. Whitney, who, for each of his party, had booked special suites at £175 each for the trip.

Each of these suites consisted of a specially fitted up bedroom, with scientifically arranged bedsteads (securing the sleeper against any motion of the ship), private bathroom, and a sitting-room or cabin de luxe.

These cabins were decorated each day with a supply of rarest flowers, for which Mrs. Whitney had paid £50. During the first two days out of the party kept very much to themselves, but, chiefly owing to the charming manners of Mrs. Whitney, the ice was broken and many pleasant social interchanges resulted.

Mr. Whitney, who is a sturdy-looking man with a strong love of sport generally, once or twice delighted the occupants of the smoke room with amusing stories.

He is the son of the late Mr. C. Whitney, who was the Secretary of the Navy during President Cleveland's Administration. From him he inherited his enormous wealth, which was acquired by successful stock dealing and banking and large investments in the New York metropolitan street railways.

He also inherited from his father, an extensive owner of racehorses, his love of sport.

## £10,000 NECKLACE.

He is said to have spent £100,000 in acquiring and fitting up his Middleton estate.

Mrs. Whitney, who appeared in magnificent dresses at the saloon dinners, wore a diamond necklace estimated to be worth £10,000. It was a wedding present from her husband.

During the voyage the millionaire used the Marconi system for messages both to America and England freely. He took the deepest interest in the Marconigrams received day by day concerning the Japanese-Russian negotiations for peace, and expressed the opinion that when the war is over there will be great scope for American capital in working industrial and mining potentialities in Russia.

When the party arrived at Liverpool yesterday morning Mr. Whitney hired a special train to convey his family, their guests, their servants, and luggage to Middleton from the river-side station. The cost of this, together with an elaborate luncheon which was put on the train, will not be less than £80.

Mr. Whitney's estate at Teesdale is known as the Holwick Moors, and originally were held by Mr. Lulu Harcourt.

## GROUSE VERY CHEAP.

### Abundant Supplies, but a Decrease in the Public Demand.

Grouse in the London markets are now in excess of the demand, although the prices are only a trifle lower than in former seasons.

At Leadenhall Market yesterday young Scotch grouse were selling at from 2s. 6d. to 5s. The young birds from the Yorkshire moors were obtainable for 2s. 6d. The old birds ranged in price from 1s. 6d. to 3s. These low prices are in contrast to those of last Monday, when a brace of the birds cost 9s.

"The demand for grouse is smaller than it has been for years," said a dealer to the Daily Mirror.

## SIR A. MACDONNELL RECOVERING.

Sir Antony Macdonnell was removed yesterday from the private hospital in Dublin, where he was operated upon some weeks ago.

He was taken to the Under-Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park, and is much better.



## Continual Growth of the Tax Upon Generosity.

## GREED OF THE WAITER.

A diligent French statistician has calculated that £20,000,000 a year is distributed in tips in France, and that in Paris alone £12,000 changes hands in this way each day.

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday made some inquiries as to the extent of the evil in London. The inquiries revealed an astounding state of things.

In larger London restaurants alone the waiters are taking £2,000 a day in tips, or well over £800,000 a year.

These figures are arrived at from the statement of one of the largest restaurant proprietors, who has calculated that the average amount of tips received in each of the large restaurants is not less than £50 a day.

## More Tips Than Wages.

Some take more than this, while others, of course, take less, but in London, as a whole, there are at least thirty-five restaurants which average that amount.

Instead of lessening, the practice of tipping is growing, and every day the demands of the servants in such places as hotels and restaurants are increasing.

In hotels, a few years ago, the servants did not expect tips amounting to more than 1s. in the £2 of the visitor's bill. To-day hotel servants receive more in tips than in wages.

In an hotel at which the visitors spend an average of 25s., a head attendant who is paid £120 a year by the hotel expects to make another £200 a year by tips, whilst a coffee-room waiter who did not make at least £150 a year from tips would consider that he had better seek a more lucrative place.

## Florin Frowned At.

In America the system has grown to lengths which threaten to create a serious problem. In cases where sumpence would be courteously received in England, in America two shillings is frowned at, and waiters are not afraid in such cases to make offensive remarks.

Waiters in smart restaurants expect at least fifty per cent. of the bill, while in some cases as much as seventy-five is paid rather than arouse their rudeness.

The large amounts paid in London are made up of much smaller amounts. Most men are prepared to pay an average of twopenny in the shilling on their bill to the waiter for small amounts, or about 10 per cent. On bills of about 20s. the average tip is 2s., or 10 per cent.

But hotels and restaurants account for only a portion of the tips which are daily given and received in London. Railway porters and cabmen daily receive almost as much between them. Liftmen, flat-porters, and servants of all kinds are tipped largely, if not so regularly as the waiter.

## "BEAUTIFUL WORD, MERCY."

Miss Doughty's Brother Addresses an Appeal to the Home Secretary.

The brother of Miss Doughty has, on behalf of his sister, made a pathetic appeal to the Home Secretary, in which he says his sister's mind had become unlied.

Her intention was not to kill Mr. Swan, but to end her own life in his presence.

"The jury," he continues, "acquitted her of shooting with intent to murder, and strongly recommended her to mercy."

"It now remains for you, sir (the Home Secretary) to construe this beautiful word 'mercy' in its proper sense and in the prisoner's favour."

"I cannot, sir, say all I feel or wish in this matter, for my heart is too full. But I do implore you, for the sake of my aged father and mother, to weigh carefully all the circumstances in the case."

"... She has erred, erred grievously, but the provocation was great."

## LIGHTNING STRIKES COTTAGES.

Lightning has struck and destroyed two thatched cottages at Brenhill, Wilts, belonging to Lord Lansdowne.

In one of the buildings was found the dead body of an aged woman, in the other was a girl who narrowly escaped death as the flaming roof fell in.

## THIRTY PILLS AT ONCE.

A small boy has just been admitted to the Dundee Infirmary in a serious condition.

Playing in a field he found a box of patent pills and swallowed thirty before his parents discovered what he was doing.

## Many Brides Receive Cigarette Cases as Wedding Presents.

Cigarette smoking amongst ladies has been greatly on the increase during recent years.

"Madge" in "Truth" this week says that a bride recently received no fewer than seven cigarette cases among her wedding presents.

On making inquiries amongst several well-known jewellers the *Daily Mirror* found that this may have happened to more than one bride.

"During the past wedding season," said a member of a prominent firm yesterday, "we sold fully fifty ladies' cigarette cases as wedding presents. Gold or silver with the owner's name in precious stones being the favourite patterns."

And ladies who once shrank from buying their own cigarettes no longer do so.

"A few years ago," said a well-known tobacconist, "gentlemen used to come in and buy some particularly mild cigarettes which we specially manufactured for ladies. Ladies were far too bashful to come and purchase them themselves."

"Nowadays the ladies have not any scruples on the matter. They just come in themselves and buy the cigarettes. Moreover, we no longer manufacture a special brand for them. They prefer those which the men smoke."

"Several ladies have a standing order with me for 200 a week."

## BELLES OF TIBET.

Consul Says They Are Finely-Featured and Vivacious in Their Manners.

"Tibetan ladies, when clean and well-dressed, will take rank with their European sisters."

That is the dictum of Mr. A. Hosie, his Majesty's Consul-General at Chengtu, who has just embodied in a Government paper a charming account of a journey on the Eastern frontier of Tibet.

"Level, dark-brown eyes, finely-cut features, an excellent carriage, and sprightliness of manner distinguish them from the timid and insipid Chinese. The Tibetan woman is not afraid or ashamed to go to the extent of her feelings in peals of merry laughter."

"Dirt," says Mr. Hosie, "like the writing on their (the Tibetans) prayer-flags, is considered a phylactery. We had many visitors during our stay in a Tibetan house, and I asked the men how often they washed their faces. Quite unabashed, they readily replied 'Four or five times a year.'"

## HIS "DUTY" TO LAUGH.

Law Courts Usher Humorously Described by Oriental Potentate.

How the judicial jokes of civilisation appear to the Oriental mind is seen from a letter from Hotbar Tehad to his father, the Sultan of Looloo-chistan.

The letter, which is in "Truth," describes a visit to the Law Courts.

"The Just Men in the British Temple of Justice make many clever jests, at which every one present laugheth boisterously, but none so boisterously as an officer of the Temple clad in a long black burpouse, whom they entitle He-who-ushereth-in. It is the business of Him-who-ushereth-in to laugh most boisterously at the jests of the Just-Men."

## VICTIM OF PALMISTRY.

Woman Dies from Sheer Excitement While Waiting To Have Her Fortune Told.

Anxious to learn the secrets of the future, a Nottingham unmarried woman, Annie Sharp, thirty-two, went to consult a palmist.

When she entered she was in the gayest spirits, but she gradually became silent and timorous as the palmist's consulting-room than she fell down dead.

At the inquest yesterday a doctor said excitement had been known frequently to cause the rupture of a blood vessel on the brain, and a verdict of natural causes was returned.

## ARMED ENEMY OF MOTOR-CARS.

Fanatically opposed to motoring, Thomas Drewitt, on meeting Dr. Stanley Tressider in one of the best vehicles in Nottingham city lay down in front and attempted to slit the tyres.

When the doctor and his chauffeur interfered he marked the former for life with a poker. He was yesterday committed for trial at the sessions.

By the will of Miss Mary Emma Souter, of Herie Hill, who died worth £49,012, upwards of thirty charitable institutions will benefit to the amount of about £25,000.

## GREAT SWIM.

Australian Mermaid's Coming Attempt to Cross the Channel.

## PLENTY OF PLAIN FOOD.

Miss Annette Kellerman, the young nineteen-year-old Australian girl, whose powers of endurance are so remarkable that she will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy next week, is now making her final preparations for the great swim.

Every day this young Colonial girl, with her superb physique, is growing more and more fit for the tremendous effort she will make next Tuesday or Wednesday.

The method of training which has produced the finest woman swimmer in the world differs considerably from that adopted by masculine swimmers.

Miss Kellerman's method is that of living a simple, natural, life, eating good, plain food, exercising moderately, and taking plenty of sleep.

## Swim Before Breakfast.

Rising between six and seven o'clock she takes a dip before breakfast and a swim of a quarter of a mile, or a brisk half-mile walk.

For breakfast she eats a couple of eggs and two or three slices of well-cooked bacon, with plenty of bread-and-butter. She drinks coffee or cocoa, but never tea.

About eleven she enters the water for a practice swim of three, four, or five hours, according to the conditions of the weather.

On alternate days she spends an hour in the morning with a first-class masseuse. She finds massage the best means of keeping the limbs supple, and strongly advocates it.

If she is ashore between one and two o'clock Miss Kellerman takes her midday meal, consisting of roast beef or mutton, with plenty of vegetables, followed by stewed fruit and custard or milk pudding.

Between seven and eight o'clock Miss Kellerman takes a light evening meal, with plenty of fruit, vegetables, and milk pudding.

## Plenty of Food While Swimming.

There is another short walk afterwards, and at ten o'clock she retires for the night.

In the water the swimmer pins her faith on Cadbury's cocoa, beef essence, and chicken jelly, and in some form or other has nourishment every twenty minutes to half an hour.

When swimming the temperature of the water makes very little difference to Miss Kellerman, and she uses a seemingly effortless, powerful, double-over-arm stroke, which carries her through the water at a great pace. She takes forty strokes to the minute, and maintains a clockwork regularity for hours together.

## TRAMCARS IN TROUBLE.

Passengers Injured in Trio of Curious Accidents in West London.

West London was the scene of three remarkable tramcar accidents yesterday.

At Chiswick two electric tramcars from opposite directions became involved with a long ladder on a cart. Three passengers were injured by the broken wood and glass and tangled electric wires, and were removed to the hospital.

Immediately afterwards a tramcar ran into a heavy petroleum cart and the oil streamed out across the road.

At Gunnersbury, in the afternoon, a tramcar took fire, and a fire-engine had to be called in to extinguish it.

There was a dreadful moment of suspense as an electric tramcar crashed into an omnibus yesterday in Kennington-road.

Just as it was struck, the omnibus skidded on the rails, and its back axle was broken by the force of the impact. The vehicle sprang violently to and fro, endangering the driver and conductor into the road. Fortunately it at last righted itself, and the nine passengers were unhurt.

## WON IN SIX MOVES.

The competitions in the second annual congress of the British Chess Federation were continued at Southport yesterday, when the third round was concluded in all the tournaments.

The feature of the sitting was the loss of a game in six moves by one of the competitors.

## MISS DECIMA MOORE A BRIDE.

Major Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, Royal Engineers, has married the famous actress, Miss Decima Moore.

Miss Decima Moore, as her name indicates, is the tenth child of this well-known family. Sir A. Conan Doyle acted as best man.

## Octogenarians Will Publicly Discuss the Secret of Defying Old Age.

Vegetarian octogenarians will meet in the Farringdon-street Memorial Hall on October 13 and explain how, in their ripe years, they are able to strut life's stage with the proud vigour of middle age.

"Vegetarianism is the key to growing old youthfully," said the editor of the "Vegetarian" to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The octogenarians who will speak on this subject of longevity are all men actively engaged in pursuits that demand both mental and physical endurance. Take them in order:—

"Mr. Newcombe, vegetarian cancer-hospital-propagandist, can stand two hours at a time without fatigue."

"Professor Mayor, still teaching Latin at Cambridge, never went in for athletics, and healthily despise sedentary life."

"Mr. Jos. Wallace, disseminator of the laws of physical regeneration, ruddy and cheerful."

"Mr. T. A. Hanson, the busy treasurer of the London Vegetarian Association, 'absurdly active.'"

"Mr. S. Saunders, grows fruit, and makes jam all day."

"Every one of these men, who are all over eighty, is in full enjoyment of perfect health, and as vigorous and alert as people of forty. How can you call them old? There is no old age for the vegetarian."

## HEBREW'S MUST NOT EAT.

Synagogues in Sombre Draperies To-day for the Black Fast.

From sunset yesterday until sunset to-day is a time of fasting and mourning for Hebrews all the world over.

It is the "Tisho B'Av" or 9th of Av, the Black Fast, and as on the day of the White Fast, the Day of Atonement, the fasting lasts for twenty-four hours. As a rule it continues from sunrise to sunset only.

In the synagogues all the coverings and curtains are stripped off, and black draperies take their places, whilst the worshippers sit lamenting on bare benches.

Bitter memories in Jewish history attach to this date. It is the anniversary of the day on which the destruction of both Temples occurred; first by Nebuchadnezzar and then, a number of years after, by Titus at the head of the Roman Army.

## ARE HANOVERIANS BRITISH?

Native of Hanover Complains That "These Aliens" Interfere with His Business.

Speaking somewhat imperfect English, an elderly applicant at the Thames Police Court yesterday told Mr. Mead that he wanted to keep all the aliens out of the country.

Mr. Mead: Do you want to assist the Government?—Applicant: Yes.

Then go to the Home Office. Are you an Englishman?—Yes. I am a British-born subject. I was born in Hanover during the reign of William IV.

Mr. Mead: It is a doubtful point whether you are an Englishman. If I recollect right at the time of the accession of Queen Victoria, Hanover subjects remained Hanoverians.

Applicant: I want to have justice as these aliens interfere with my business. When I give an estimate say for £50, they do the work for £15.

Mr. Mead: That cannot be prevented.

## "AGONY" LOVE STORY.

Revival of "Shy Lady" and "Silent Worshipping's" Newspaper Courtship.

Some months ago the eyes of the world were focussed on a little human love story which was being narrated by means of the Agony column of the "Morning Post."

"Silent Worshipping," too gallant to personally approach his unknown divinity, beseeched her whom he addressed as "Shy Lady" to reveal herself and listen to his suit.

The newspaper courtship started in August last, but as yet they have not met.

Now a happy climax is expected, for yesterday, in the "Morning Post," the following appeared:—

SHY LADY.—Identifies at last; please take initiative again.—SILENT WORSHIPPER.

Will that initiative be taken?

## COLLEGE "SCOUT" LEAVES £1,760.

Mr. George Cook, of Miley-road, Oxford, a college "scout," or servant, who died at Sandford, left estate of the gross value of £1,760.



## SUCCEEDED.

How the Late Mr. Harrod's Colossal Business Grew Up.

## PIONEER OF "CUTTING."

Mr. C. D. Harrod, who has just died at the age of sixty-four, was among the pioneers of advertising as we understand it to-day. He was the first man, it is said, who had a full-page advertisement in the "Times."

So successful were his methods that the business which, when he embarked upon a commercial career, was only a small grocer's shop in a mean thoroughfare now occupies four acres of land.

"Harrod's Stores," indeed, is known all over the world. It has a turnover of between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000, and employs nearly 4,000 hands.

Started as a Small Grocer.

It was in 1864 that Mr. Harrod, a young man of twenty-three, took charge of his father's business and sold grocery and provisions over the counter. The humble shop occupied a position on the same site where the present stores stand.

When he had been in business for two years, Mr. Harrod began to dream dreams, and then to realise them. The store trade—which is now such a feature of London life—was just being started, and the first stores had recently been opened in the Haymarket.

Young Harrod saw his opportunity. "I will fight the stores," he said. The fight was a long one.

He advertised as perhaps no man had advertised before. People saw in the newspapers and in the windows of Harrod's shop such announcements as:—

WE SELL T.L.R. OF RICE FOR 1S.

He cut prices in every way possible, and was not astonished when his receipts increased by leaps and bounds.

All the time he smiled. "What is the use of always looking serious?" he said.

Customers like his cheerful face, and even when he was drawing thousands a year out of the business they used to ask for "Mr. Harrod to serve them." His smile was a valuable asset.

Universal Providing.

The business grew gradually. He added a cheese department, a wine and spirits department, and departments for the sale of meat, china, stationery, and ironmongery. Larger premises were wanted, and a rebuilding scheme was carried into effect.

During the alterations, however, came disaster. In November, 1883, the premises caught fire and were burned to the ground, damage being done to the extent of £50,000.

Undaunted, Mr. Harrod took an adjoining shop next day, and, finding that hopelessly small, rented Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, and used it as a store until his new premises had been built.

Still the business grew until, in 1889, his health, which had suffered considerably in consequence of the arduousness of his labours, failed, and Mr. Harrod sold the business to a limited company for £100,000. His profits during the last year in which he carried on the business amounted to £16,000.

Mr. Harrod then gave up work altogether and retired to Somerset, where he lived the life of a country gentleman. He was so tired of work that, once retired, he scarcely entered the vast business he had built up.

Always a keen supporter of Sunday-schools—he once acted as superintendent of the Trevor Chapel, just opposite his place of business—he took a prominent part in the religious life of his country home. He was made a J.P., and, always an ardent Radical, he looked forward to sitting in Parliament. His health became worse, however, and he moved to Culverwood, in Sussex. His death, the result of heart failure, took place at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, where he stayed on Monday night.

Will Supply Anything.

Since Mr. Harrod's retirement the business has increased faster than ever. You can now walk into Harrod's Stores and buy, in one or other of its eighty-two departments, a spade-guinea or a treasure-chest, a holiday outfit or an equipment for a Polar expedition, a ticket for a West End theatre or a ticket for the Antipodes.

Since the company was floated the profits have increased as follows:—

1890	£12,479	1899	66,058
1891	16,071	1900	83,228
1892	21,161	1901	87,012
1893	27,034	1902	91,325
1894	35,043	1903	110,650
1895	51,072	1904	121,180
1896	61,959	1905	135,000
1897	69,932		

Mr. Harrod, the founder of this wonderful concern, was a tall, clean-shaven man who looked like a lawyer. But the most striking thing about him was that he was always smiling.

Cancer is increasing rapidly from year to year in the borough of Sturkey says the medical officer. Unfortunately, he adds, it is true also in the case of other districts as well.

## Accusation of Twenty Years Ago Culminates in Tragedy.

Although it was made twenty years ago, an accusation brought against John Warrington, of Limehouse, drove him to end his days in the River Lea.

The accusation was made by Warrington's own brother, involved that brother's wife, and had been constantly revived.

The last time it was brought up against him, so stated the weeping widow to the East London coroner yesterday, he was much upset and refused to be comforted, although she told him she did not believe a word of it, and would never turn against him.

On Thursday last he left home and never returned. In his jacket on the river bank was found a long and loving letter to his wife headed "My last order."

In this he wrote: "I have had no sleep for two nights, and all I think of is 'murder.'"

"When I came out this morning I did not know whether to go to him. If I had gone to him I should have killed him."

"If I should be brought home dead, try and bear up like a brave little woman. I am asking God to help you to bear this blow, and I know He will do it because you have been a true and loving wife for nineteen years, and I ought to be very thankful for that happiness."

"Try and cheer the children, tell them their father was shot on a battlefield, as that is the death I would have liked rather than this. Poor old Tom. I forgive him."

In returning a verdict of Suicide, the jury expressed their sympathy with the widow and children.

## PRIZES FOR PLAY.

To-morrow's Sand-Castle Contest at Yarmouth.

To-morrow on Yarmouth sands the fourth Daily Mirror sand-castle contest will be held.

Space reserved for competitors will be roped off between one and six p.m. Alderman Thomas Green, J.P., Deputy Mayor, and Councillor John Gode have promised to act as judges, with the assistance of Miss Elsie Mayo, Mayoress of Yarmouth, who will also present the prizes.

Anyone under twenty-one may compete, either singly or in parties not exceeding six persons each. Any tools may be used, and any kind of sand edifice may be constructed.

Every competitor must carry a copy of the Daily Mirror.

Three prizes, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d., will be awarded.

Next week the north will have its turn. Competitions will be held at Scarborough on Monday and at Blackpool on Wednesday.

## LAKESIDE MYSTERY.

Old Lady Found in a Morass, Starving and Unconscious.

An old lady belonging to a family long resident at Gwalcham, Anglesey, disappeared unaccountably from her home last week.

The labours of search parties went long unrewarded, but at length they came upon her sunk in the muddy shore of a lake.

As the result of want of food and exposure for several days she now lies in a critical condition, unable to render any account of her strange adventure.

## BETTING WILL O' TH' WISP.

Fascinates People Who Cannot Decide Between the Points of a Horse and a Cow.

"It is remarkable," observed the South London coroner yesterday, "that people bet on horses whose points they know nothing whatever about. Often they do not know the points of a horse as compared with those of a cow."

"They simply see the name of an animal in the paper, and for excitement they risk their money."

"Now and again they win, which is often a bad thing, for it encourages them to go on betting until they lose everything, and these tragedies are generally the result."

The case under consideration was that of Henry John Ponting, a Walworth man, who was found on Blackheath stabbed in twenty places. These were all self-inflicted, and resulted in death. Ponting had got into difficulties through betting.

## WHY THE CONSTABLE JUMPED.

"If the constable had not jumped he would have run over," said a witness at Wimbledon yesterday, when Roland Morewood, summoned for driving a motor-car at a dangerous speed, was fined 45s.

## His Mother-in-Law Receives the Property Left by the Murderer in Prison.

An elderly woman, in black, with steel-grey hair, yesterday stepped from an omnibus outside Pentonville Prison and walked slowly up to the big, iron doors.

This was Mrs. Gregory, the mother-in-law of Devereux, the man who the day before had died for the murder of his wife and twins.

The object of her journey was to claim the belongings of the culprit. She was admitted by the turnkey, who evidently expected her, and directed her across the outer courtyard.

By a second turnkey she was conducted to a waiting-room, and in half an hour a parcel, made up in brown-paper, was brought in to Mrs. Gregory, and a list of the articles it contained was read over and signed by her.

There was the blue suit in which Devereux was hanged, the waistcoat torn at the seams with the force of the drop; the famous Tribby hat, the equally famous dust-coat, and other articles of wearing apparel.

Cuttings there were also—newspaper cuttings taken by Devereux from journals supplied to him while he was awaiting trial.

One was a paragraph headed "How the Japanese Fear Death." There was a receipt for 42 8s. made out to Devereux by a medical library, and a paragraph with the heading, "Doctor's Hard Luck," recounting a case heard at Lambeth County Court.

## PHANTOM MILLIONS.

Pitiful Delusion of Kingly Bequest and Fabulous Hoard in San Francisco Mint.

Into the Mansion House Police Court yesterday walked Ruth Morgan, an elderly lady of strange attire.

The doctor who was asked to examine her told Sir Horatio Davies, M.P., that Miss Morgan had stated that the late King of Italy left her a million sterling, and she had twenty millions in her mint at San Francisco.

Sir Horatio (to Miss Morgan): Where is this twenty millions of money you speak of?

Miss Morgan: It is in my mint, but I shall not get it for twenty years.

Sir Horatio: Very well; take a seat.

An order was made for the old lady's removal to Stone Asylum.

## LAW AND THE LADY.

Litigant Reduced to Poverty Obtains Scant Solace from the Bench.

Having exhausted her means in fighting a lawsuit of sixteen years' duration, a lady asked Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday for leave to continue the struggle in forma pauperis.

His Lordship replied that he could not deal with an application in forma pauperis until the lady had taken the necessary steps enabling him to do so. She inquired what these necessary steps were. "That," said the Judge, "you must find out from somebody else."

## EXPLAINED HE WAS ALIVE.

Husband Returns Home to Find a Tombstone Erected to His Memory.

David Graham, an Ayrshire miner who went tramping the country two months ago, returned home to find that a tombstone had been erected to his memory.

He left his home without giving any notice of his intentions. A body was found in the river near Irvine, and it was identified both from personal appearance and from clothing as David Graham. So his wife and relations duly buried the body and mourned his loss.

When he returned without warning his wife was terribly startled, and Graham was surprised to find his name on a tombstone in the churchyard.

Yesterday he had to appear at the police station, with witnesses to swear that he was his own living self.

## LIABILITIES, £9,000; ASSETS, £52.

Examined at the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, Mr. G. J. Vanderpump, solicitor, of Gray's Inn, attributed his failure to his practice being encumbered with the liabilities of a firm to which he had formerly belonged, to heavy family expenses, and other causes.

The liabilities are estimated at £9,000 and the assets at £52, and no proposal being made the estate will be wound up.

A strange case of poisoning has occurred at a Northampton asylum, where an inmate, William Brown, has died through eating yeast leaves.

## SPIRIT WORLD?

More Signed Experiences of the Supernatural.

## THE DEAD RETURN.

To-day we print a second instalment of letters, selected from a great number of records of actual experience of spirit communication sent to us by our readers. Naturally, we print by preference those to which names and addresses are attached as evidence of good faith.

### THE GATELESS BARRIER BROKEN.

I had wished many times that my eldest daughter, who passed over about the age of twenty, should be able to materialise.

I had about given up all hopes when quite unexpectedly I got my wish.

She appeared several times at different dates in the midst of a large company (about twenty-four). Many of them, including her mother, young sister, and myself, knew her in earth life.

She was clothed in a bright white robe. She caressed her mother and myself, put her arms round her sister and kissed her several times.

A clergyman told me it was a device of the devil to deceive me, but, when he had a similar manifestation, he said his daughter was permitted through the goodness of God to come and comfort him.

I wanted to know how it was the devil in my case and God in his.

He said he was quite sure it was, so I left it at that.

For another occasion, also in my own house, about half a dozen friends including a medium had a séance. We simply hung a railway wrapper (rug) across a corner of the room. The medium went behind this. I sat about two feet from her. The room was quite light enough to see every one distinctly.

The psychic form of a slender young woman came from behind the curtain. She was dressed in white. She picked up a rose from a table, walked across the floor, and gave it to a gentleman.

She then went back, picked up another rose, again crossed the room, and gave it to another gentleman.

I said: "Are you not going to give me one?" She immediately picked one off the table and brought it to me.

H. J. CHARLTON.  
Edge-lane, Liverpool.

### THE HAT WITH RED BERRIES.

At the time of my most vivid experience of spirit return I was about seventeen, and staying with a friend in the north of England for my Christmas vacation.

One night my friend gave a party, and having more friends staying for that night than she could put up she took a bedroom in the house of a neighbour, and got another young lady and me to go there to sleep.

We had been in bed about three minutes, and the gas was just burning, when I saw, to my intense surprise, a lady standing in the middle of the room. I noticed she was very pale, cheeks much sunken, and had a black hat on with a large bunch of red berries in it. I noticed them particularly, as they were not in fashion at the time.

As she was advancing towards me I screamed and she shook her head at me and vanished. I may state that we had locked our door, being in a strange house.

Telling my experience next morning to my hostess, she sent for her neighbour, and gave her the description of the lady. She burst into tears, and said it was her sister, who had died in that same room, and declared the last hat her sister wore had a bunch of red berries in it.

She begged me to sleep in the same room next night, and if she appeared again to ask her in the name of God what was troubling her. Those were her words. But, I regret to say, I refused, not having the courage.

CLARA IRWIN.  
3, St. Lawrence-road, S.W.

### A MYSTIC FLOWER.

Some years ago I was employed on a weekly paper. The editor was a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman and an ardent spiritualist.

It was his custom to sit by himself in a small room for half an hour or so every evening and hold conversations with his spirit friends through the instrumentality of a small square board, called, I believe, a Ouija-board.

He never belonged to a spiritualistic society or employed mediums, so there was no possibility of trickery. Yet he used to receive extraordinary messages and information from his spirit friend.

Knowing him to be incapable of trickery, I, not fearing that he was subject to delusions, I suggested that he should receive something more definite than mere tapped-out messages, which might be explained in a variety of ways.

He agreed, and within the period of half an hour a white tulip was materialised or built up out of a glass of water! The flower was as real as if it had grown in the ordinary way, and faded after a few days.

Tulips, I may mention, were not in season at the time of year this phenomenon occurred.

Argyll-street, W. FRANCIS VALENTINE.



## DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the Bonmartini Murder.

### CARLO SECCHI REAPPEARS

In previous chapters we have told something of the life story of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the terrible murder trial in Turin last week. Her girlhood and first love for Carlo Secchi, the doctor, were described, and later her marriage with Count Bonmartini. But after a very few years of married life they quarrelled because the Count had not the learning or culture of his wife's relations.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Beginning of the End.

After this first outbreak between Count Bonmartini and his wife the breach widened rapidly.

Another child was born to the Countess, but even the advent of a son had no effect upon the Count. Husband and wife to the world were still a happy couple, but from the day of the quarrel both lived entirely separate lives.

Yet it would seem that the man still cared for his wife, for he continued his medical studies, and after he had taken his degree came to his wife with the news.

#### COULD NOT FORGIVE.

He found her in her own room. "Linda," he said, "I am now a qualified doctor, and have carried out your wishes. Is it not possible to forget my hasty speech and be as we were in Padua?"

But the Countess, with her great love for her father and brother, would not forgive her husband.

After this the Count made no further attempt towards reconciliation. For a year or more the two went their own way. Soon it was reported in Bologna that Count Bonmartini was in a very fast set. He became a gambler and worse.

The Countess for a while remained at home with her children. Then one afternoon while driving she met the Marchioness di R—

"Come back with me, my dear," begged the Marchioness, and Linda consented.

"Go into my room," she said on their arrival at the house; "I will join you in a minute."

Linda entered the room, and to her astonishment found Carlo Secchi, her old lover, there.

The man appeared older, but his charm of manner remained unchanged. "Countess," he cried, as Linda hesitated in the doorway; "Linda, to meet you after these years."

#### YEARNED FOR AFFECTION.

All the girl's warm, passionate nature awoke. She had one of those typically Southern temperaments which yearn for affection. For months past she had lived a morbid, lonely life. The sight of Secchi vividly recalled her girlish infatuation.

Before she was aware of it the man was at her side, and in his low, musical voice was declaring his intense sympathy for her. With a hysterical sob she threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Carlo, Carlo," she moaned, "I am so lonely."

When the Marchioness returned she found Linda pale and trembling, with tears streaming down her face. "Let me go home," she cried, her quivering voice telling of the stress of her emotion.

A month later Linda wrote to her husband. "I no longer love you, Cesco," she wrote, and begged that either they should separate finally, or get a divorce in another country. "It is useless continuing this life," the letter concluded, "for I love another man and cannot live without him."

The Count agreed to a temporary separation, and left Bologna. Thereupon Linda gave herself up entirely to Secchi, but in spite of their dislike to the Count, Professor Murri and Tullio were aghast at Linda's position.

#### HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

So after three months of separation the offices of Cardinal Svampa were requisitioned, and a reconciliation effected, husband and wife agreeing to live in the same house but in different apartments. But the days of reconciliation were past. The Count followed his own inclinations, and quarrels were frequent.

At last came a day when the husband openly declared that he preferred other women to his wife. A terrible scene followed, which ended by the Count leaving his wife in a passion of hysterical weeping.

As she lay moaning upon a couch Tullio appeared. She kissed her brother, and implored him to save her from her husband.

"Oh, Tullio," she cried, "if someone would but rid me of that brute."

"I will do so," he replied.

(To be continued.)

## ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD?

How They May Profitably Be Spent at Home.

Whether holidays are any good or not, both sides have many eager champions.

Among the letters received yesterday is an interesting suggestion as to spending holidays at home. It is impossible to publish more than a very small proportion of the letters on the subject.

#### RESTING AT HOME.

This is how I spent a week's holiday most successfully.

As my husband was a confirmed invalid, I could not leave home, though, since I was both breadwinner and nurse, I was badly in need of a holiday. I devised the following remedy—I invited myself to spend a fortnight in my own house for rest and change, and promised myself a nice quiet time. I told the servants of my intention and gave them instructions I was to see no visitors and take no part whatsoever in household arrangements.

I had instructed my cook that the "visitor" was to have something nice and strengthening, so when I "arrived" at the appointed time a cup of beef-tea was ready. After that I took a short walk. Then a dainty lunch and a rest, then afternoon tea served in the drawing-room—as a rule I took my meals

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Water is so scarce in certain parts of the Morebath (Devon) district that cider, of which there happens to be a good supply, is taking the place of tea.

Not one of Blackpool's numerous municipal enterprises showed a loss last year, and the rates were reduced by £21,946 from the profits.

Recording the fact that Richard Cobden died there, a London County Council memorial tablet was yesterday erected on No. 23, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall.

Tench, roach, and eels in large quantities have been killed in the River Glenn, near Spalding, and in other Lincolnshire Fen water-courses, by the introduction of salt water.

"Cleanliness next to godliness" is literally true in the case of a Wesleyan church at Torquay which has recently been turned into a steam laundry. The sight of the washing hanging over the porch, writes a correspondent, attracts many people to the spot.

Some practical joker hoaxed the residents at a small hamlet on the outskirts of Southampton by inviting them to the wedding festivities of the daughter of a prominent villager. All classes of the community, irrespective of position, received invitations, and the bride's parent was obliged to post a notice in a shop window stating that only those personally invited could be considered guests.

## DANGEROUS ELM TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



In consequence of the recent accident—when a woman was killed in Broadwalk by a falling elm—all the trees in Kensington Gardens are being carefully examined and reported on. For purposes of identification the trees are numbered, as shown in the photograph. The numbers are not to be a permanent disfigurement—a shower or two will wash them off.

with my husband in his bedroom. Another short walk was followed by an excellent dinner, and that by a quiet evening with a favourite book.

It seemed to me that I was quite an irresponsible person, and all care seemed suspended. As the days glided past I began to feel a most delightful sense of repose.

I only called upon my husband every other day (by special request), and then for a few minutes only.

In short, I took myself completely out of any ordinary routine, and in ten days I felt refreshed, strengthened in body and mind, and quite ready to resume my usual work as a bread-winner and nurse.

I know I felt better; my husband said I looked better, and I think my maids enjoyed the change.

RESOURCESFUL.

#### "PROD" OF A HOLIDAY.

Of course we need holidays. If you do not poke a fire occasionally it goes out, and the same with the human machine. If it were not for the occasional "prod" of a holiday the internal fire would soon get very low indeed. H. S. CRAVEN.

Cromer.

#### WORN OUT BY TRAVELLING.

The essential of a holiday is rest. 'To spend one's holiday in travelling is no rest. For years, to please my husband, I spent our three weeks' holiday rushing about the Continent. Of the twenty-one days I calculated that we spent, on an average, seven in actual travelling and the rest in sight-seeing. During the whole course of the year I never felt more worn out than I did at the end of the holiday. In the end I had to refuse to go.

DEVONIA.

## CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Eastbourne—More Prize Winners.

There are half-guineas waiting for four residents or visitors at Eastbourne whose portraits happen to appear in the photograph reproduced on page 9.

Look carefully at the group and see if you can recognise yourself in it—if you can it may be worth half a guinea to you.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

To-morrow four half-guineas go to

#### SOUTHPORT.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at several more of the big seaside resorts including:—

Bournemouth.	Ilfracombe.	Walton-on-
Brighton.	Rhyll.	the-Naze.
Clacton.	Sewsea.	Weston.
Felstowe.	Worthing.	super-Mare.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Hastings, are as follows:—

#### HASTINGS.

Master Sidney Lathwell, 65, Bury Park-road, Luton.  
Mr. H. T. Cullingford, 64, Dorien-road, Raynes Park, Surrey.  
Miss Cooper, 129, Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, London, N.E.  
Mrs. Field, 2, Earl-street, Hastings.

## STOCK MARKETS BUOYANT.

Consols Keep Steady, and Prices of First-Class Securities Well Maintained.

CAPLE COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Stock markets after a little hesitation brightened up and closed quite firm. A little uncertainty as to the result of the peace negotiations was responsible for the hesitation at the start, but Consols kept wonderfully steady, and other high-class securities were well maintained.

One or two good features developed in the Home Railway market. In the Heavy group North-Easterns were quite strong, as also were North-Westerns, while Great Northern was also quite buoyant. Southern passenger stocks, however, remained out of favour, but the Scottish group, after initial dullness, was supported and finished hard. American Rails were rather less active, and inclined to be dull, as New York overnight advices were rather discouraging, and in the afternoon there was not much support forthcoming from that quarter.

#### ARGENTINE STOCKS STRONG.

After dullness Grand Trunks rallied on the expectation of an increase of £8,000 in to-morrow's traffic, but Canadian Pacifics were heavy in sympathy with Americans. Quebec Central Prefs. had a sharp rise from 64 to 84. Argentine Rails, especially Rosarios and Entre Rios issues, were strong, and there was certainly nothing to complain of in the matter of traffics. The Leopoldina take was a bumper one, and they rose to 744.

Other recent active stocks were again moved in the upward direction, especially United Havanas and Manila Debutentes. Mexican Rails were a rather sticky market, although the traffic was a good one.

Japanese bonds were a little offered at first on doubts concerning the peace negotiations, but recovered later. Russians were supported, and other inter-Bourse favourites hardened in sympathy. Argentine stocks were particularly strong on the successful floating of four per cent. Treasury Bills at par. Brazilians showed a good deal of strength as the market is short of stock. Copper shares were firm, although the statistics show an increase of 112 tons in stocks and 612 tons in the amount in sight.

Kaffirs were a dull market, although the close was a trifle better on a little bidding for one or two of the leading shares. Rhodesians were not helped by the gold output, and West Australians were heavy. West Africans were scarcely mentioned.

In the Miscellaneous group Anglo "A" continues in demand and Aerated Breads were wanted. Dk stocks were also in favour, but profit-taking brought about a relapse in Hudson's Bayts.

## AMERICAN RAILROADS.

For Accurate Cables from New York read

"The Daily Report."

1d. ON SALE 1d.  
EVERYWHERE.  
READ IT! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Specimen Copy post free.—"The Daily Report,"  
Basildon House, Moorgate Street, Bank, E.C.



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# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1904.

## THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

The mystery of Life remains as impenetrable as ever.

WITH these words the son of Charles Darwin, the great exponent of evolution, has just opened the meeting of the British Association in South Africa.

Every year this gathering of men and women of science sums up the advances that Knowledge has made. Every year someone among them more distinguished than his fellows gives the world his view of the world's mental progress. Every year the same disappointing tale is told. "The mystery of Life remains as impenetrable as ever."

At the door of Science and her votaries thousands among us lay the bitter complaint of Mary at the Sepulchre. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Science has destroyed the faith in Christianity of countless souls, and what has it to offer them in its place? Nothing. It is utterly unable to explain the origin and the destiny of the world. "The mystery of Life remains impenetrable as ever."

The famous French philosopher, Ernest Renan, when he gave up Christianity, said he did so in the firm belief that science would provide the world with the new religion, for which the time, as he thought, was ripe—a religion based upon irrefutable evidence.

He looked upon the mechanical advantages of science (telegraphs, telephones, electric traction, and so on) as secondary. They might add to the convenience and comfort of life, but they could do nothing to help humanity on the path towards its true and lasting happiness. That he looked for as the chief result of the advance of knowledge.

Well, science has completely failed so far to give us any guidance, any theory of life, comparable to that which we found in the doctrines of Christianity.

Scientific people do talk about the grandeur of the idea of Law ruling all the processes of Nature, but unfortunately they have not agreed yet what this Law is. It is hard to get much comfort out of so vague a conception as that.

Huxley used to say the human race had got over its longing for cut-and-dried doctrines. He regarded the desire for a definite religion as a mark of childishness which the world had outgrown. He used to quote from Tennyson's "Ulysses":—

We are not now that strength which in old days Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are

One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

If this were true of the present age, we might be able to regard the ebbing of the tide of faith in Christianity with equanimity. But are we "strong in will"? Have we "heroic hearts"? Is there in us an "equal temper" to endure whatever may befall? There are not many signs of it visible to the naked eye.

The Huxleys and Renans of the universe can get on without having a complete scheme of life, past, present, and future, handed to them as a whole to be kept intact and followed throughout existence. They make their own schemes.

The mass of people cannot do this. They have neither the time nor the brains. If they have no chart provided for them, they roam hither and thither like ships without a steersman: they are at the mercy of every shifting wind.

Science has a vast responsibility to bear. It has thrown so much doubt on the existing charts that numbers of people have come to count them valueless. Yet it supplies no new chart of its own.

"The mystery of Life remains as impenetrable as ever." H. H. F.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Though thou shouldst heap up a thousand pieces of gold: they would not be so precious as one day of study. —Japanese Proverb.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY King Edward begins his "cure" at Marienbad, and the season there may now be said to be in full swing. The hotels in the charmingly-situated town are nearly all full, mainly with well-known English people. Truly the inhabitants of Marienbad owe much to King Edward. Since he started going there a few years ago it is simply marvellous to see what an enormous number of people have discovered that their ailments positively required the Marienbad treatment—though many of them, it must be confessed, leave out the baths, the waters, and all the disagreeables of the cure, and content themselves with lounging about on the verandahs of their hotels.

Marienbad will, however, probably always be a quieter watering-place than those like Aix, where people go to be amused with theatres, dances, gambling, and cosmopolitan society. If you are a member of the Cercle or the Villa des Fleurs at Aix, you may see the finest French actors and hear the best music for nothing. You can stroll into the opera for a few moments; then watch the baccarat or a ball at the Casino. Nobody who is not undergoing the treatment there thinks of going to bed until long after midnight.

The Earl of Elgin, who has just been appointed by the King to be Chairman of the Commission

encumbered to an amount over £100,000, and his attempts to retrieve them brought Lord Sudeley into the bank, pay court five years ago. He had spent, I believe, as much as £130,000 in trying to improve the estates.

One of the most popular men in the royal household is Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse, to whom the King has just lent Parkhill £20,000 until the end of October. B. Khal's near Balmoral, and stands in the midst of the beautiful forest country beloved by the red-deer. Sir Dighton is an old friend of King Edward, whom he served, when the latter was Prince of Wales, in the household at Marlborough. Most people who had the honour of being invited to the garden-parties will remember his magnificent signature which used to ornament the envelopes containing the invitations.

Sir Dighton, although he is still wonderfully youthful in appearance, was one of the heroes of the distant Indian Mutiny. He won his V.C. in an engagement near Agra. He made a dash for a standard which was in the enemies' possession, and although twenty or thirty of them surrounded it, he managed to fight his way to the bearer, to cut him down, and to ride back waving it to the British lines, pursued by a storm of bullets. Sir Dighton, by the way, a neighbour of the King and Queen

There are many people who will remember her when she first came out as Miss Madeline Sherif, the daughter of the late Mr. Sherif and Mrs. Bagot Cheser. She had one brother, Mr. Jertie Sherif, who is very well known in the social and hunting world, and two half-brothers. She was then one of the brightest and most amusing girls of the day, extremely popular, and to be met with everywhere. Her marriage to Mr. Charles Hawtree was one of the events of a season.

During the early years of her married life she lived at Wilton-crescent, and remained there till a few years ago. Since then she has been partly paralysed and a terrible sufferer from rheumatism. Her death, of course, caused owing to the terrible fall from the balcony of the Alexandra Hotel.

Many statements have appeared in the Press as to the future movements of Mrs. Potter Palmer which are quite erroneous. She has just left Cowes, and is starting almost immediately on a motor-car tour through Switzerland. She expects to visit Italy before returning to London.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### TO THOSE WHO KNOW CORNWALL.

The gale of August 3 and 4, the most serious summer gale in the memory of Cornish fishermen, has worked sad havoc on the crab-pots and fishing-ear of the little village of Cadgwith.

As those who have visited it know, the village depends almost entirely on the results of its summer fishing. This year the men have had their gear carried away three times—in March, in April, and now what was left has been practically destroyed by the gale of the week before last. Unless some assistance is afforded there will be serious and widespread distress.

It has been suggested, therefore, that past visitors to the Lizard district might care to subscribe to a fund to help those fishermen who have suffered most heavily, and I now ask you, Sir, to give this appeal the publicity of your columns.

Subscriptions can be sent to me.  
HENRY VIVIAN, M.A., Rector.  
Ruam Minor R.S.O., Cornwall.

### HOURS OF RAILWAYMEN.

The fault of working long hours generally lies with the men in neglecting to join the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. The cause is lack of organisation.

I think it is the same cause which makes most of the poverty which exists in this country. People are too fond of lying down and grumbling about the hard times, etc., instead of getting up and looking after their own interests.

All railwaymen joined their society, and strove together to better their positions, there would not be many working twelve hours, let alone fourteen.

In conclusion, I must say I think you give the working man some sound advice, which he would do well to act on. I always like your leading articles.

Upper Norwood.

### SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

Does not "Hunter" know that all women in all nations always rode astride until a Dutch Princess came to England with a dressed hip, and the Court saddler gained fame and distinction by inventing the side-saddle for her use?

As a consequence the courtiers, to flatter royalty, must of course do the thing the poor deformed woman had to do to perform.

To say the side-saddle is best seems ridiculous, as it twists the body out of shape and has a tendency to make a woman one-sided. At the present time women in America, who ride astride, can ride further and harder than any woman who ever sat a side-saddle.

SIT STRAIGHT.

### WHY DO MEN SHAVE?

I know why I do not shave. I have a nasty scar on the upper lip, and a disfigurement through an abscess on the jaw.

I used to shave, and know the comfort and cleanliness of a clean-shaven face, and, therefore, cannot understand anybody with a well-shaped mouth and chin wearing a beard. Unfortunately I am obliged to be

BEARDED.

More letters from our readers on "Are Wives Help or Hindrance?" "Is There a Spirit World?" and "Are Motives and Any Good?" will be found on other pages.

### IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 16.—When the next full moon lamps the sky it will look down on fading flowers and paths strewn with the first autumn leaves.

Last night the garden, gay with every August blossom, was a fair place after sunset.

The dew, so good for the dahlias and gladioli, grows heavier each clear night, while steamy mists begin to roam the valleys. Even now one notices a darker hue creeping over the woods, but the proud purple of the heather hills drives sorrowful thoughts away.

E. F. T.

## ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD? AN AMERICAN VIEW.



The above, which we take from the "Pittsburg Dispatch," gives in an amusing way an American answer to the question of the advantages or disadvantages of holidays now being discussed by our readers.

for the purpose of carrying into effect the Churches (Scotland) Act, has served on many similar bodies for the investigation of important religious and educational problems before now. He was a member of the first School Board ever created in Scotland, and probably Scotsmen regard only an interlude in his service to their country the period when he was Viceroy of India. The only thing which fought against his filling that place with appropriate magnificence was the fact that he is not a good horseman.

Lord Elgin's Indian friends used to tell a good story of the amount of concentration it required for him to ride out in public. Once, near Simla, an important official, who saw him undying on in front, sent an aide-de-camp to ask him for a few moments' conversation. The aide-de-camp rode up and said: "Your Excellency!" No answer. The embarrassed messenger supposed that he had not been heard, so he began again: "Your Excellency, Mr. X. requests—" Lord Elgin gave him an indignant glance and shouted: "Good God, Sir! Can't you see that I'm riding?" as who should say "Can't you see that I'm dancing on the tight-rope?"

August weddings still continue, and scarcely a week passes without two or three of them. To-day Lord and Lady Sudeley's youngest daughter, the Hon. Rhona Hanbury-Tracy, is to be married to Mr. Bertram Smith. Miss Rhona Hanbury-Tracy was the only daughter whom Lord and Lady Sudeley had left to them—her four sisters all married many years ago. After the wedding to-day the reception will be at Ormeau Lodge, Ham Common. Lord Sudeley's pretty house. He came, when he succeeded his brother in 1877, into estates in Gloucestershire and Montgomeryshire, but these were

at Sandringham as well as at Balmoral—his Norfolk place, Park House, is on the Sandringham estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Hwila Williams, who have been at Cowes all the regatta week, have returned to their house at Coombe. Early next month Mr. Hwila Williams goes to America to look after the fortunes of the new Belmont Park Racecourse, which, as his name suggests, is chiefly the property of Mr. Perry Belmont, who has lately been staying in London for a few weeks.

Mr. Hwila Williams is practically manager of this racecourse, and has done wonders in organising and starting it. The autumn races there this year promise to be most successful and last several days. Mr. Hwila Williams receives a fairly large salary for looking after this racecourse, which is managed somewhat after the style of Sandown, only the entrance money is much less, with the exception of the club stand, to which members pay about the same amount of money they do in England. Mr. Hwila Williams will have to visit America now twice a year at least to see that the new venture runs smoothly.

Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye are amongst the many people now staying at Carlisle, and Miss Emily Vznaga, who is Lady Lister Kaye's sister, is with them; both ladies are sisters of Consuelo Duchess of Manchester. A few years ago, it may be remembered, Mr. Vznaga, their brother, died from diphtheria, leaving nearly all his enormous fortune to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and it is always understood that she allows her sisters a very good income out of this property.

The death of Mrs. Hawtree is very sad, for she has been a great sufferer for a number of years.



# PHOTOGRAPHS of the DAY'S NEWS

## DUKE AND DUCHESS AT A SAND CASTLE CONTEST.



Duchess of Norfolk presenting a prize to one of the winners at the sand castle competition just held at Littlehampton. The Duke appears on the left in our photograph.

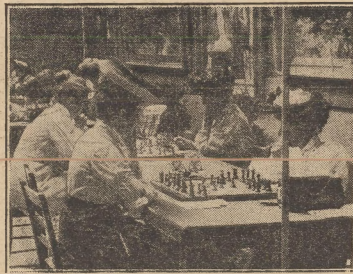


Snapshot of the Duke of Norfolk chatting with one of the little competitors.

## CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST AT SOUTHPORT.



Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the veteran chess champion, playing his drawn game with Mr. Atkins. A sensational feature of the tournament was Mr. Blackburne's defeat by an amateur, Mr. G. E. Wainwright.



Playing for the ladies' championship. The foremost pair are Mrs. Herring (on the left) and Mrs. Anderson. Behind are Miss Finn, holder of the championship (on the left), and Miss Watson.

## CAPE TOWN WIDOW'S LONG LOVE QUEST.



Map showing the extent of Mrs. Annie Andrews' journeying in search of a husband. She claimed that Mr. J. W. Rigden had promised her marriage, and when he left the Cape she traced and followed him to England by the route shown. Portraits of the widow and her truant lover are inserted.

## Dramatic Tragedy in Italy:



Signor Cifariello in his studio working on a portrait bust of his wife. The news in a jealous passion of revenge caused a sensation in Italy, where he has achieved fame as a sculptor.



Pension Mascotte, Posillipo, near Naples, where the tragedy occurred. Signor Cifariello's life had been rendered unbearable by the behaviour of his wife, and he appears to have gone to the pension with the express intention of killing her.

## YESTERDAY AT THE TEST MATCH:



Australia's fine first innings score, redoubled public interest in the Test match, and reproduced gives a good idea of the appearance of the famous



## Famous Sculptor's Revenge.



at he had shot her  
t-rank reputation



Signor Filippo Cifariello. One of the best-known sculptors in Italy, he enjoyed the personal patronage of King Victor Emmanuel.



Signor Cifariello photographed at a gathering of models in Rome, where he was one of the most important members of the artistic fraternity. He was wrapped up in his work, in which his wife took little interest. The sculptor is marked by a cross.

## PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE OVAL.



at crowd assembled at the Oval to watch yesterday's play. The photograph ground shortly after the resumption of play in the morning.

# PICTURES from all PARTS

## NOVEL CAVALRY EXERCISES AT DOVER.



Men of the 7th Dragoon Guards taking part in the special embarkation exercises now proceeding at Dover. They ride their horses into the sea and swim them from point to point, or embark in pontoons and land at selected spots along the coast.

## ENGLISH SWIMMER'S WORLD'S RECORD.



Billington, the well-known English swimmer, has just made a world's record at the international meeting at Joinville-le-Pont, near Paris, by winning the 500 metres race in 6min. 51sec.

## "MIRROR" READERS.



Pretty photograph of two of our little readers. The pictures have always made the *Daily Mirror* a favourite among the children.

## IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name .....

Address .....

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Eastbourne. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.



# ALL THAT A MAN HATH. The Great Channel Swim

By CORALIE STANTON

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, the child of youth and love, ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cured Sabra Vallence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compensate for the loss of Sabra and his son, beguiled and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his mortgage, remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could ruin or save him.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted two thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal. He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man and give his son back Balliol Castle and one million pounds, if he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart accepted the idea.

Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour, and Sabra asked for time to consider her decision.

## CHAPTER VIII.

God, that you should hate, despise me, And deem my love so poor a thing, that poverty could kill.

When I gave more than life—for you."

"Not for a million pounds, not for the transmutation of the earth into an ideal city, would I go through that ordeal again!" said Canon Vallence, with regretful self-condemnation, as his niece joined him in the breakfast-room of the Rectory the next morning.

Sabra managed to slip immediately behind the friendly shelter of the hissing urn. She looked sideways, so that her niece's gentle gaze should not fall directly on her. She was ten minutes late, as it was, because of the realisation, gleaned from her glass, that such a white face, such black-ringed eyes and drooping lids, such a pitiful, drawn mouth could not escape observation and comment.

"Was it so very bad?" she asked. She poured out her tea assistively.

"It was frightful," the Canon's pale, ascetic, scholarly face was puckered with dismay at the recollection of the evening that he had spent at Balliol Castle. "You were very right not to come, Sabra. One cannot know the man. I am very sorry to have to say it. As a Christian, I cannot help feeling that it is wrong. But the thing beyond the mere vulgarity and ostentation. I don't believe that it is, I have never met anything like it before. But it repels; it has almost a physical effect on one. And yet one cannot deny that Mr. Swindover has done an enormous amount of good."

"He does it to advertise himself," said Sabra in a mechanical, pitiless vulgarity. "Don't you think that the good a man does must depend on his motive for doing it?"

"I don't know," replied the Canon dejectedly. "These abstruse psychological questions are very difficult to answer when one sees the poor suffer and knows they can be relieved at the price of one's own feelings, which are, perhaps, are stupid."

"Tell me about the dinner," said Sabra. She was not in the least interested; she was hardly listening, but she wanted her uncle to talk, while she made up her mind in what words she was going to tell him something that she had decided to say, something that was like the best part of her being and the laying on her own shoulders of a burden of immortal shame.

"Oh, the dinner was overpowering," The Canon gave a rueful little smile. "Mr. Swindover, of course, profusely regretted your absence. Everything was superlative, the gold plate, the quality of the food, the number of courses, the variety of wines. There were two footmen to each person, a butler, a wine butler, and a ducal person who looked on. At the second entrée there was a scene. Mr. Swindover, after telling us the price of the gold plate, and of most of the other things on the table, suddenly remembered that he had engaged Vatisano, the great violinist, to play to us after dinner. But he decided that he should play during dinner, instead. Can you imagine a more appalling insult? He is a man of genius, greater than any other. The ducal person was sent to fetch him. Vatisano is evidently a great gentleman, as well as a great artist. Rather than show offence, he came; he actually stood in the doorway and played like a soul inspired. Mr. Swindover alone went on eating. Even his son—"

and HEATH HOSKEN.

"Was the son there?" interrupted Sabra quickly.

"Yes, and the daughter, too."

"The daughter!" Sabra's voice seemed to fail her. She put her hand suddenly to her throat.

"It was Miss Swindover who saved the situation," the Canon went on, full of his subject. "When the first piece was over, and I had come back from fairyland, I heard Mr. Swindover grunting that he wasn't going to pay Signor—Marcaroni. I think he called him a thousand guineas to make a noise like that, and that he wanted a selection from 'The Golden Pheasant,' which is a musical comedy, I believe, now running in London. Then Miss Swindover rose from her place and walked over to Vatisano and spoke to him in Italian—he speaks it perfectly. Her manner was admirable. She asked him to go with her to her boudoir and be so very kind as to let her accompany him in some Hungarian dances that she was particularly fond of. She deliberately carried him off, leaving her dinner Mr. Swindover roared, but she took no notice, and I must confess I prayed for death. Imagine the rest of the dinner!"

"What is she like, the daughter?" asked Sabra.

"A revelation," answered the gentle Canon, overjoyed that at last there was something he could praise. "A most attractive girl, perfectly educated, even cultured, almost over-refined in manner and appearance. A girl with a strong character, too. She is as unlike her father and brother as she possibly could be. Most simply dressed, too. I don't think she wore any jewellery at all. I am afraid she is a little wanting in filial affection in I respect, but then that is almost inevitable. How she came to be born into that family is one of those eternal mysteries of heredity that I do not believe we shall ever be permitted to unravel on this earth."

"And the son?" asked Sabra, so that she might not seem too curious about the daughter.

"He is terrible—even worse than his father, for he has not an ounce of intelligence. After dinner we adjourned to the banqueting hall, where a stage had been erected, and a company of marvelously-polished French actors performed a play that was scarcely fit to listen to. Mr. Swindover went to sleep; the son roared at a few allusions that he understood. Miss Swindover did not appear again until just when I was taking my leave, when she came to bid me good-night. She was charming; I have no hesitation in saying that she carried off the party situation as well as any grande dame could have done. And that was my evening. You can understand, dear child, how glad I was that you had so firmly refused to come."

"Should you say Miss Swindover was a nice girl?" asked Sabra. The Canon, the least observant of mortals, did not notice the painful eagerness in her voice.

"Without doubt," he answered. "A girl who appreciates beauty, art, culture. Of course, I saw very little of her, owing to that unfortunate scene; but it showed me that she possesses exquisite taste and tact, and, I am sure, a kind heart, although one cannot help noticing beneath her polite exterior that she is hostile to her father, and has a horror of his ways. But—" the Canon shrugged his shoulders expressively—"she has lived for the last two years on the Continent," he went on. "But she spoke as if she meant to settle down at home, at any rate, for a little while."

"Is she pretty?"

"It sounded like an ordinary womanly question. In the light of what was hidden in the girl's heart, it was fraught with a terrible pathos. It was of her rival that she asked the question, of the girl who stood on a mountain of gold and could restore to her beloved his inheritance."

"I don't think the word 'pretty' describes her," the Canon answered doubtfully. "She is elegant—distinguished. She is very fair, very delicate-looking. She has beautiful red hair and lovely hands—you know, I always notice a woman's hands. I don't know that her expression is exactly sympathetic; but there is a charm about it. I think the chief impression is one of strangeness. I suppose it is the shock of finding her so different and unsuited to the rest of her family. But, dear child, how you have let me talk! Look at the time! I am due at the conference about the pulling-down of Salter's-court. There, again, it is Mr. Swindover who has promised the money to build the new blocks that are to replace those unspeakable tenements. How can one refuse such gifts?"

And the Canon sighed, as he laid down his folded serviette and rose from the table, bowing his head reverently for a moment to return thanks.

Sabra rose, too. Her face was deathly white, but quite composed. She had forgotten all her cut-and-dried sentences, and she blurted out what she had to say.

"Uncle Ambrose, don't go for a moment. I want to tell you something; I want to tell you first. I'm not going to marry Dick, after all."

The Canon looked first startled, then a little pained.

"My dear child, is this a sudden decision? Were you sure of yourself? It is such a little time since you became engaged. But, of course, if you do not care for him sufficiently, after all—"

"I don't know exactly what it is," said the girl recklessly. "I think the truth is that I'm a coward, uncle, and that I can't face poverty—not poverty

(Continued on page 11.)

Read  
what  
Miss  
Kellermann



says:

Messrs. Cadbury Bros.

DOVER;

5/8/05.

Gentlemen,

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

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## WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Many Girls Who Work Well Fitted  
for Domestic Life.

### THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

Our readers are still discussing this topic of universal interest. Here is another batch of their letters:—

#### ARE WIVES A HELP?

I think it waste of time to deal with this subject generally. Everything depends on the woman.

A good wife is a treasure to any man and a bad one a curse.

Most people will agree that a wife worthy of the name is decidedly a help. F. FRANCIS.  
38, The Grove, Wandsworth.

#### PRIMITIVE ARGUMENT.

"A Sincere Well-Wisher" seems to me to take up a very primitive attitude.

She has read in your valuable paper an accusation of her sex. They are accused of being gad-about, flighty, expensive, vain.

Immediately she turns round and says to the accuser: It is you—you, cruel man—who are vain, expensive, flighty, and gadabout.

Subtle, is it not? The argument may be compared to that of the schoolboy: "You're a fool!" "You're another!"—and so on. E. WILMINGTON.  
Edith-grove.

#### A DEFENCE OF THE "BUSINESS GIRL."

The "business girl," if she is domesticated, is, in my opinion, a far greater help to a man than her stay-at-home sister.

I have a daughter who is at business during the morning and afternoon, and thus brings money into the home, but this does not prevent her from managing and superintending (without any outside help) my household; and I venture to assert that it is her knowledge of business methods, combined with her domestic qualities, which go to make her so punctual and careful in the management of the household affairs, both financially and otherwise. A GRATEFUL FATHER.

#### DRASTIC REMEDIES.

In A.D. 1905 some ninety per cent. of wives are a hindrance, due to their refusal to work or save.

Women are now unsexed by higher education and love of pleasure. The country is consequently being ruined as homes dwindle and are destroyed. Female competition lowers men's wages to below the marrying point. Only a fool marries a penniless woman nowadays.

With a million more women than men, the only two remedies are to permit polygamy, and also by law prohibit female competition with men in business.

There is no text in the Bible absolutely forbidding polygamy, which would, on the whole, be a good idea, and prevent the birth rate decreasing so much. QUIS SEPARABIT?

#### HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.

The most perfect affinity should exist between husband and wife in order to assure a lasting happiness, and a mutual confidence should also be established between them.

In money matters they should share alike, since a wife is just as much entitled to her share of the good things of life as her husband, provided, of course, their means allow of their participating in pleasures and pastimes.

A wife thus fairly treated would naturally love, honour, and respect her husband for his manly solicitude for her comfort and welfare.

Also, she in her turn would study his wishes and be what she ought to be—his companion for life, in riches or poverty, good health or sickness, until death them do part. CLAIRE COX-MURCHISON.  
The Vale, Acton, W.

#### LOVE, THE MYSTIC ANGEL.

Mr. J. Day has struck the right note when he introduces the word "love." Of course, he means true love, not artificial.

Not a fascination that infatuates for a few fleeting months, but a love that will weather the fiercest storm and sunshine and storm of long years of married life.

Not a love that will so charm the husband that he makes his wife live under an everlasting cloud of deception.

But a love that will make her the confidential bosom companion that the marriage altar sealed her as being.

Before they unitedly consent to approach the spot where the nuptial knot is tied, let each see true love is the mystic angel that guides them thither, and there will be no question about one being a "help or hindrance" to the other.

There may be petty differences, but unity will reign supreme over all. F. TAYLOR.  
(A husband of thirty-five years' experience).  
2, College-street, N.

## GIRL CHANNEL-SWIMMER AT PRACTICE.



Miss Annette Kellerman on her practice swim from Dover to Folkestone. Miss Kellerman will, circumstances being favourable, make her first attempt to swim across the Channel next Tuesday.



Miss Kellerman taking food while in the water. Her keen appetite while swimming should stand her in good stead on her cross-Channel trip.



Every now and then when swimming a long distance Miss Kellerman enjoys a short "rest" in the position shown in the snapshot reproduced above.

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

like Dick's, with all the heart-break of remembering what might have been. I'm a cold, calculating creature, and I—well, I can't go on with it."

The look of pain deepened in the Canon's gentle, faded eyes, that had once been as bright as purple as Sabra's own, and, added to it, was a look of overwhelming surprise.

That hurt the girl more than anything else could have done, more than condemnation, more than contempt.

"Oh, Uncle Ambrose," she cried, "don't look at me like that! Don't! I can't bear it. Your eyes say such dreadful things, and yet they are so kind. You despise me. You think I am not worthy to be a Valence because I shrink from poverty and am false to the man to whom I pledged my troth."

The Canon came towards her, and took her gently by the arm and drew her into the window. Then he started back, aghast. The sight of her face appalled him.

"Sabra! My dear, dear child! And I have been chattering about that wretched dinner-party.

6

pages—The London  
"Evening News," which  
is the evening edition  
of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

And you—you are as sad as this. You feel it so badly?"

"Of course, I do," she cried. "Isn't it terrible to find that you are not what you thought you were?"

The Canon laid his hand on her shoulder. He was a scholar, a dreamer, an idealist. It seemed to him sufficient reason for her ghastly looks that she had fallen from her high pedestal in her own sight, that she was not as strong as she had thought, that she could not face poverty for the sake of love.

"My dear," he said, "I do not blame you. You are doing right. It would be wrong to marry Dick with a shadow of doubt in your mind. But you are sure that the doubt is there? I thought—I thought—"

"You thought I loved him better than anything; you thought I cared for nothing so long as I was by his side." Her voice was harsh; it was cruel. The anguish was almost more than she could bear. "So did I. So did I. But I was wrong. I tell you, I am cold, calculating, mercenary; I haven't any courage. I want comfort and ease. I'm a miserable creature. I can't look forward to that wretched life—a great name and no position; all the years full of fighting and toil."

Dear God, it was so hard to say—and it was all a lie.

"Then you are right not to marry him," said the Canon. With infinite gentleness he rested his hand on her glossy hair. "My child, you are none of the things that you say. I am surprised and bewildered, but that, at least, I know. And I pray God to bless you, now and always."

Sabra broke down and sobbed hysterically. The Canon held her hand in his and gently stroked it.

"I shall go to Aunt Ursula," she said, when she was calmer, "and ask her to let me work with the lay sisters here among the poor."

"If you feel that you need it, it will do you good," replied her uncle; but, as he went slowly from the room, he sighed deeply and shook his head.

When the front door had closed upon the Canon, and she was alone in the house, Sabra went, with

(Continued on page 13.)

## FACTS FOR MOTHERS.

Hints for Nurses, and Advice to Those

Who Have the Care of Convalescents, Invalids, the Delicate, the Aged, and Those of Weak Digestion.

The question that is frequently asked is, "Why should 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' be used in preference to any other?" Strong and glowing claims are made for various foods, and the reader who has not made a special study of what a food ought to be, and what it ought to contain, is naturally puzzled, and does not know what to believe. Take, for instance, the question of foods containing "dried milk," which at first blush the reader is tempted to think must be right, but the objections to which are explained in the next paragraph. Other strong claims are made for "pre-digested food," and here again the reader is inclined at first to think these must be right. It is fancied that it must be desirable to save the digestive organs trouble; but the reason why this is wrong is clearly shown a little farther on in this article.

#### CONCERNING DRIED MILK FOODS.

Please notice the fact that "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is not made with "Milk powder." "Dried milks" lack that peculiar element of fresh milk which prevents rickets, and which is the result of drying destroys that element. It therefore follows that a food made with "Dried milk" must be unsuitable for infants. Babies fed upon "Savory and Moore's Best Food" do not suffer from rickets or scurvy.

Please notice also that "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is not a "pre-digested food." The reason why such foods are inadvisable is very clear. As a child nursed by its mother has to exercise its digestive powers from the first, surely it cannot be right, in deciding on an artificial food, to give one which keeps these powers inactive.

#### MAKE A WISE CHOICE

It is worth your while to spend a few minutes to think over the food you shall give baby, or, if baby is failing to thrive, in deciding what food you shall give in preference.

It will only take a few minutes of your time, but it may make a difference to your baby that will affect not only its health and strength, but indirectly its whole future, its power of work and success, and its prosperity in after life. That is why we ask you so earnestly to compare the merits of the various foods offered, and to weigh one against the other in your mind. If you do this there is only one conclusion you can come to—viz., that "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is the one you should adopt.



"Baby likes it."

#### FOR NURSING-MOTHERS AND INVALIDS.

All mothers who are so fortunate as to be able to nurse their children should also remember that a gruel made with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is infinitely more nutritious and easily digested than gruel made with ordinary natural milk and not so fattening. The abundance of the flow of milk as well as its quality are both greatly improved by its use. Stout is persistently recommended for this purpose; but stout is only a stimulant, it is not a food which makes milk, as "Savory and Moore's Best Food" undoubtedly does. A lady at Hull writes: "I used 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' while I was nursing, and found it a great deal better than gruel, not so heating, but quite as nourishing."

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is of the greatest value for convalescents, the aged, and all whose digestion is weak. It satisfies all requirements, and has the further advantage that it may be prepared in a large number of pleasant and appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired or its digestibility decreased thereby.

#### "SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS"

is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a larger trial tin will be sent for 6d., together with instructions how to prepare it for invalids. A booklet will also be sent which is a "Guide to Infant Feeding," and contains various tables showing the correct height at various ages, weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information.

#### WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY IT?

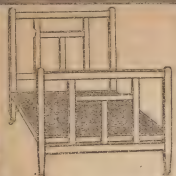
Our booklet will be sent on receipt of postcard, or, what is much better, it will be forwarded with a large trial tin for six pence stamps if you mention the "Daily Mirror," and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 143, New Bond-street, London, W.



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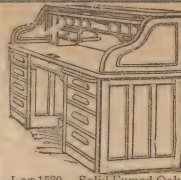
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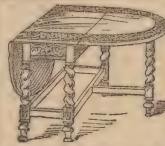
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## EXQUISITE PERFUMES AND HOW THEY MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

## THE SCENT BOTTLE.

## SIMPLE STILL-ROOM RECIPES.

"I wish I could make my own perfumes," sighed Belinda one day as she emptied the last drop of her favourite essence of violets on her handkerchief. "When I think of the quantities of flowers we grow at home in our garden—all sweetly scented—roses, violets, jasmine, lilies—I think it is perfectly wicked that we cannot use them for scent."

"Well, my dear Belinda," said Mrs. Templar, "if you liked to go to a good deal of trouble you could make your own perfume. I can tell you of one or two methods of preparing perfumes, and there is no reason why you should not try your skill."

Belinda, who was addicted to new enthusiasms, looked delighted.

"I love the scent of flowers," she said. "Why should I not try to preserve their odours and carry

"What is the next process?" inquired Belinda. "Now strain the fat through a canvas cloth, to remove the petals, pollen, etc., and it will then be ready for the perfumer's use. About 8lb. of this fat must then be soaked in one gallon of spirit of 60deg. over-proof, and should be left for a month."

"It sounds quite easy," observed Belinda. "Great care is required in its preparation," said Mrs. Templar; "but if it is successful the result is delightful."

"I should think it ought to make a good complexion wash," remarked Belinda. "I shall use roses or violets, and then I shall always be known as the fragrant Belinda."

Mrs. Templar smiled. "Perfume made in that way is absolutely pure, and in some cases is beneficial to the skin," she said. "Another way of preparing it is to saturate coarse cloths with the purest olive oil. Put them upon a wire frame and repeat the process of laying on the flowers. This must also be repeated several times, after which the cloths must be treated to

essence of bergamot added to one pint of spirits of wine," said Mrs. Templar. "Another is composed of one pint of spirits of wine mixed with a quarter of an ounce of attar of lemon grass and half an ounce essence of lemons. These mixtures should be filtered through blotting paper and a little magnesia added to them to make them bright."

(To be continued.)



Tea-gown of pink accordion-pleated nun's veiling, with a lace collar and edgings of lace on the flounces.

## BONBON BASKETS.

Baskets of drawn sugar make an exceedingly dainty table ornament, with out-turned edges and a long handle. They are woven from strands of variegated colour, or they are entirely of satiny white strands, with perhaps a ribbon of pink or blue sugar fastened at the top. These baskets are employed to hold bonbons, no other receptacles appearing on the table. A hostess tells the caterer the colour scheme for her dining-room, and he furnishes the sugar decorations in accordance with it.

cold-blooded and modern, and now I find that I have made a mistake, and that I'm even more so than I thought. I can't marry you. I can't face poverty and disgrace."

It was too shameful. A great tear blotted out the word. She took another sheet of paper, and began again. When she reached the word "disgrace," she went on steadily: "I can't go out into the world with you. I suppose I don't care enough. Please forget all about me, and don't try to see me again—Sabra Vallance."

She slipped the Blanquart emerald from her finger, enclosed it in the letter, addressed the envelope, and sealed it with her uncle's seal.

Then she rang the bell, and told the parlourmaid to send the boy who cleaned the windows and boots on his bicycle to Dangerville Hall with the letter, to be given into the hands of Mr. Dangerville himself.

When the messenger had gone she sat for a long time staring straight in front of her.

The words of the cruel letter were burnt into her brain. Oh, it was blunt and bald and hideous; but it was simple enough, even though it broke her heart.

(To be continued.)

## The Languid Shop Girl

## IS A VICTIM OF ANÆMIA; THE CURE IS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

No matter how considerate employers may be, the trying conditions of shop life cause assistants, whether male or female, to become anæmic. The signs of anæmia are easily read in pale cheeks, dull eyes, white lips and gums, shortness of breath, and a listless, languid walk. As one young lady explained:

"I am an assistant in the drapery business. For two years I suffered from a languid, tired feeling, and frequent headaches. By degrees I became so weak that it was a hard task to go upstairs, for I grew giddy and out of health."

"I was bloodless, and white as a ghost. So helpless did I become that I thought of giving up business. It seemed as though nothing would help me. Weak and miserable as I was, the little food I could take did me no good."

"When I was beginning to grow hopeless some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had finished one box people noticed how much better I looked. Continuing the pills, my headaches vanished, I gained energy and took an interest in work. I never felt so well as now; anæmia is a thing of the past."

So lifeless and unhappy are anæmic girls and women that they lose all hope of cure. Yet thousands of bloodless ones have found new health in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which fill the veins with rich red blood, and have cured anæmia, indigestion, palpitations, fainting fits, neuralgia, consumption, rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, and ladies' ailments. Sold at medicine shops. If in doubt, send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn-viaduct, London, enclosing 2s. 9d. for one box, six for 13s. 9d.



Weak, languid, and bloodless girls in business need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.



Designs for bodour wraps to be made of flannel and blossom silk, trimmed with frillings of material, bands of satin and dainty lace.

their fragrance about me wherever I go? Surely the art of perfumery is as essential as the art of dress."

"A heavily scented man or woman is highly objectionable," said Mrs. Templar. "But to emit just the merest suggestion of floral fragrance is quite a different thing, and the woman who has learned the art of making herself beautiful in dress and appearance has generally acquired the art of perfuming herself in the right degree."

"Well, how do I begin?" asked Belinda. "I hope I shall not have to invest in some heavy expenditure of machinery."

"One of the best-known processes of making perfume is by maceration," said Mrs. Templar. "A certain quantity of fat, say, 1lb. of beef suet, is mixed with 1lb. of lard, and is then placed in a porcelain pan. This is put in another and larger pan of boiling water so that the fat may be gradually melted down."

"That sounds easy enough," interpolated Belinda.

"Now the freshly-gathered flowers are carefully picked and thrown into this liquid fat and allowed to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours. The fat draws out all the fragrance of the flowers, and becomes highly perfumed. At the end of the forty-eight hours the fat is strained from the flowers and fresh flowers are thrown in. This process is repeated some ten or fifteen times, until the fat or pomade is highly charged with the odour."

heavy pressure, in order to remove the perfumed oil."

"That sounds still easier," said Belinda. "And surely olive oil is good for the complexion."

"This perfume suits some skins, but I do not recommend it for all," replied Mrs. Templar. "Some women I know always carry a tiny flask of this oil, and say that it is admirable for cleansing their skin, especially after motoring or driving. It certainly emits a very delicate fragrance, and, as I remarked before, it is absolutely pure."

"It would be a good thing to take on long railway journeys," said Belinda. "One's face gets so dusty and hot in summer, and I can imagine how delightful it would be to use a little of this fragrant oil at the end of several hours' journey in a train."

"Isn't there an easier way to make scent?" said Julia, who had been listening to the conversation. "I have been asked to supply little fancy bottles with some cheap perfume for our church bazaar."

Mrs. Templar hesitated. "I can tell you the way to make cheap perfume for the purpose you mention," she said. "But remember this is not to be used for the complexion. A few drops may be sprinkled into the washing water or you might even use it in the bath, but do not employ it as a face lotion."

"I will heed your warning," said Julia. "Now what is the prescription?"

"One formula consists simply of one ounce of

as she sat at her uncle's writing-table, her hands pressed over her burning eyes.

She was going to set Dick free; she was going to enable him, by marrying Fay Swindover, to go back to live at Balliol Castle, to become one of the greatest, the most powerful men in England. He would never have told her that he had this chance; her honour and her usefulness must not be less than his. Fay Swindover had arrived at Balliol Castle. What could that mean but that the knew of her father's plan, and was willing to be the instrument that would restore to Richard Dangerville his great inheritance? The Canon spoke of her in laudatory, almost in glowing terms. There was nothing in her personality to prevent Dick from making her his wife.

The thing was so simple—since she knew. Once she renounced him, showed herself despicable, mercenary, Dick would turn from her with loathing. There would be nothing to distract his eyes from that goal which must, in his heart of hearts, stand first—the renewal of the ancient glories of his race.

She drew a sheet of note-paper towards her, and dipped her pen in the ink.

"Dear Dick," she wrote, "I told you that I was

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 11.)

dragging footsteps, into the study to carry out the final act of her renunciation.

She had done exactly what she intended to do. She had told her uncle of her intention, to make it appear as a deep-rooted decision, and to prevent herself from faltering at the last.

None knew, or would ever know, that any pressure had been brought to bear upon her. She had forbidden the parlourmaid, who was her slave, to speak of Swindover's visit to the Rectory to her uncle or to anyone else; she had sent the same peremptory message to the cook, and knew that it would be obeyed.

Now, all that was left was to write the letter. She tried to think or everything dispassionately

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